

# BLACK SCIENCE

13

RICK REMENDER  
MATTEO SCALERA  
MORENO DINISIO



## THE STORY SO FAR...

Reunited with his family and the Anarchist League of Scientists, Grant McKay has jumped into a new parallel dimension, wrought with danger. An enormous city, seemingly Roman but technologically advanced beyond anything they've ever seen and, suspiciously, devoid of life.

The perils of interdimensional travel immediately rear their ugly head. Sara, Grant's wife from an alternate dimension, pulls a gun on Rebecca, Grant's lover, who unwittingly caused the death of this Sara's Grant McKay. This perplexing standoff is defused, but a heartbroken Sara runs off into the labyrinthian city, pursued by her "daughter" Pia.

Racing after her mother, Pia is discovered by an armored guard, who is busy putting a pile of putrid, infected corpses to the flame. Upon seeing her Dimensionaut uniform, he goes on a relentless attack, blaming her kind for the infestation that has claimed nearly all life in the city.

With the Pillar counting down to its next jump, Grant and Shawn travel into the city to find the two missing McKays. But their tracking device mysteriously leads them to a complex where they discover this dimension's version of their own Pillar Project laboratory back home.

It would seem this dimension had its own Grant McKay who went on a daring adventure into the Eververse. And it appears he brought something back with him...

BLACK SCIENCE created by Rick Remender & Matteo Scalera



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WHEN PEOPLE  
SAY "SPENDING  
TIME," THAT'S  
EXACTLY RIGHT,  
GRANT.





ONCE  
IT'S SPENT,  
IT'S GONE  
FOREVER.

AND YOU'RE  
SPENDING  
EVERY MINUTE  
AWAY FROM  
US!



I'M SPENDING  
IT ON THE  
FUTURE OF  
MANKIND.

A FUTURE  
FOR OUR  
CHILDREN.

IF SOMEONE  
DOESN'T DO  
SOMETHING--



--THEY'LL  
HAVE  
NOTHING.

YOU'RE  
HIDING  
FROM YOUR  
LIFE.



I CAN  
HELP MAKE  
THINGS  
BETTER,  
SARA.



THIS IS ME STANDING UP  
AND FIGHTING FOR THEM--  
FOR EVERYONE.

FIGHTING FOR  
THE FUTURE SO HARD  
YOU NEVER ENJOY  
THE PRESENT.



WORKING SO  
MUCH THAT YOU  
CAN'T SPEND  
ONE SINGLE NIGHT  
WITH THE PEOPLE  
YOU'RE FIGHTING SO  
HARD TO PROTECT?



WHAT GOOD  
IS SAVING THE  
WORLD IF YOU  
LOSE YOUR  
FAMILY?







**B L A K E S H E L L**

**RICK REMENDER**  
WRITER

**MATTEO SCALERA**  
ARTIST

**MORENO DINISIO**  
COLORS

**RUS WOOTON**  
LETTERING

**SEBASTIAN GIRNER**  
EDITOR



WE'VE MADE AN  
UNCONSCIONABLE  
ERROR.

HAVING WAITED  
TOO LONG TO ACTIVE  
HER HELMET, ONE OF  
MY DIMENSIONAULTS,  
GUINEVERE, CONTRACTED  
A VIRULENT VIRUS FROM  
THE LAST JUMP.

LTXXVIB

116000 12600 557

GUINEVERE  
HAS SUCCEMPTED  
TO THE STRAIN.  
ALL WITHIN AN  
HOUR OF OUR  
RETURN.

THE VIRUS  
WORKS  
FAST.

MY OTHER  
DIMENSIONAULTS HAVE  
BEGUN TO SHOW  
SYMPTOMS OF THE  
RAPIDLY ADVANCING  
ILLNESS.

I'VE ORDERED  
THE LEGION OF  
SCIENCE ASSEMBLY  
QUARANTINED.

EXPLAINS  
THE BARRICADE  
WE BROKE TO  
ENTER.



THE OTHERS  
HAVE FALLEN  
SICK.

VULGATE  
DIED FIRST.

SHAYNE  
TOOK HIS  
OWN LIFE.

I'M NEVER  
GOING TO GET  
USED TO SEEING  
THIS KIND OF  
SHIT.



I'M  
LEAVING  
NOW.

JUMPING UNTIL  
I FIND AN ANTIPOTE  
SOMEWHERE IN  
THE OCEAN.

CLEMENTIA  
GRACE ME.



I MUST  
NOT FAIL.

FSHHSHHH



LOG DATE  
LUNIVUS 14,  
3147 AC.

I RETURNED  
TO FIND MY  
CREW DEAD.

WHILE  
SEEKING AN  
ANTIPOTE... I  
FEAR I MAY HAVE  
CONTAMINATED  
OTHER WORLDS.  
I FEAR—

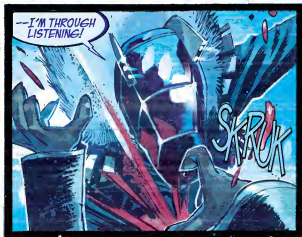
FUTUO!



WHAT HAVE  
YOU DONE?!

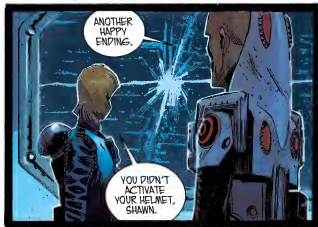
PUPILLUS—  
YOU MUST  
LISTEN—

NO—



—I'M THROUGH  
LISTENING!

SKRUK



ANOTHER  
HAPPY  
ENDING.

YOU DIDN'T  
ACTIVATE  
YOUR HELMET,  
SHAWN.



YEAH, THINGS  
HAVE BEEN A  
LITTLE  
HECTIC.

PROTOCOL  
IS TO HAVE  
YOUR HELMET  
ACTIVATED  
AT JUMP.

DO YOU  
THINK WE'RE  
INFECTED?





I'M  
PRETTY  
SURE.



—BRING THE REST  
OF THE CREW IN  
ONCE THOSE BODIES  
ARE TORCHED.

THIS  
ENTIRE  
LAB MUST  
BE—

SHIT.



MONGREL  
WHORES!

NOW  
HOLD  
ON—



BY WHAT  
TRICKERY OF  
LETUM DO YOU  
STILL DRAW  
BREATH?!

FWOOSH!

HE THINKS THIS IS OUR FAULT.



AND HE'S  
NOT WRONG.

OOFF—!

EVERY STEP  
REVEALING  
MORE DAMAGE,  
MORE DEATH—



—MORE EVIDENCE OF  
THE BAD THOUGHT I  
CAN'T ESCAPE—

SHRASH—!

MAYBE WE  
SHOULD  
DIE HERE.

STOP CASTING THIS  
BLACK SHADOW  
EVERYWHERE WE GO.

UGH—!

*PWCK*

CLEAR PATTERNS  
FORMING ACROSS  
THE FRONTIERS OF  
THE EVERVERSE.

NONE OF THEM GOOD.

I'LL KILL  
YOU AS MANY  
TIMES AS I  
MUST!

HUFF—!

FURTHER  
PROOF—

—THESE JUMPS  
AREN'T RANDOM.

THE  
FUCK YOU  
WILL!

EACH JUMP  
CREATING  
A TEAR.

*TRCK*

*KDOOM*

THE PILLAR TAKING  
THE EASIEST PATH  
FORWARD—

—JUMPING THROUGH  
HOLES ALREADY CREATED  
BY OTHER PILLARS.

DEATH TO  
HERETICS!



I'M SORRY—  
WE'RE NOT  
DYING  
HERE!

THE MOST PEACEFUL  
MAN I'VE EVER KNOWN  
TAKES A LIFE.

GIVING UP  
EVERYTHING  
FOR SURVIVAL—



—WHAT'S LEFT  
TO SURVIVE FOR?

COME ON—  
PIA'S NOT  
HERE!

THE READOUT  
MUST'VE BEEN  
HYPER QUAR'S LEFT  
ON OUR DEAD  
DOPPELGÄNGERS.



WE HAVE  
TO FIND HER  
BEFORE  
THEY DO!

HAVE TO WARN  
EVERYONE  
BACK AT—



THE  
PILLAR.



SHAWN?!

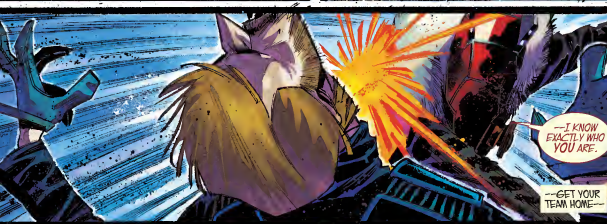
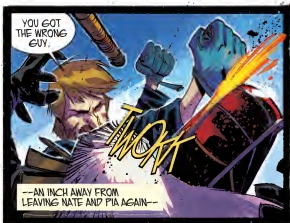
WHAT THE  
HELL ARE YOU  
DOING?! IT'S  
A GODDAMNED  
INFERNO!

JUST—  
JUST GIVE  
ME A  
MINUTE!



YOU ARE  
OUT OF  
TIME.





C'MON--  
C'MON--

GOTTA BE  
IN HERE.

ALWAYS RUNNING.

WEEKS NOW.

MAYBE MORE.

A SERIES OF WORLDS  
REJECTING OUR PRESENCE.

A SERIES OF WORLDS  
RUINED BY THE PILLARS.

BUT BEFORE THAT--  
ALWAYS RUNNING.

MOVING FROM ONE  
THING TO THE NEXT--

HA!  
THANKS,  
JESUS.

--BEFORE  
THE GROUND  
FELL OUT.

QUITTING BEFORE  
I COULD FAIL.

QUITTING WAS AT  
LEAST MY CHOICE.

STOPPED EVEN  
CONSIDERING  
A SOLUTION.

BUT THERE  
IS ONE.

AND I RAN  
RIGHT PAST IT.

BECAUSE I WASN'T  
LOOKING FOR IT.

BOOM

BECAUSE I'D  
GIVEN UP HOPE.

EHA--!

STOPPED  
CARING.

CRREEEKK

OH  
NO...

ACCEPTED THERE WAS ONLY  
ONE WAY THIS WAS GOING TO END--

--BADLY.

GO  
LIMP!

HOPE IN THE  
FORM OF MY  
MENTOR, THE  
ANARCHIST  
LUNATIC.

THE MAN PULLED  
ME INTO ALL OF  
HIS BULLSHIT--

--BUT HAVING HIM BACK  
GIVES ME SOME OPTIMISM.

THE HELL  
DOES "GO  
LIMP" EVEN  
MEAN?

I DON'T  
KNOW. I READ  
IT IN A COMIC  
AS A KID.

YOU'RE HEADING  
RIGHT TOWARDS  
THAT WALL!

HE NEVER  
GAVE UP.

NEVER FOR A SECOND.

SO MAKE  
A BIG HOLE  
IN IT!

NO MATTER  
HOW AWFUL  
THINGS  
GET--

--GRANT MCKAY ALWAYS  
COMES THROUGH IN THE END.

JESUS,  
SHAWN! WHAT  
THE HELL  
WERE YOU  
DOING BACK  
THERE?

NOTHING TOO  
IMPORTANT...

Twoom



...JUST GETTING US HOME.

NO. I HAVE NO  
PHYSICAL EVIDENCE,  
CAPTAIN TACTUS,  
BUT I KNOW WHAT  
I SAW.

THE CHILD  
BORE THE  
CURSED  
EMBLEM.

WE'RE RECEIVING  
OTHER REPORTS—  
MORE OF THESE  
SINISTER BASTARDS  
ARE STILL  
BREATHING.

CENTRAL SENATE  
IS REPORTING LEAD  
DIMENSIONAUT  
TRIBUO 60PSUL IS  
WITHIN THE LEGION  
OF SCIENCE  
ASSEMBLY.

IMPOSSIBLE.

I KILLED  
HIM MYSELF.  
DAYS AGO.

THEN IT  
APPEARS  
HIS VILE  
TRICKS HAVE  
BESIEGED  
US WITH OTHER  
VERSIONS TO  
CLEANSE.



WE'RE  
DISPATCHING  
ALL LEGIONS  
TO THE AREA.

CENTURIONS,  
GATHER ON  
ME.

WE'LL GET  
BACK TO TORCHING  
THESE STRAGGLERS  
AFTER WE'VE TAKEN  
CARE OF THE BASTARD  
WHO ARSE-FUCKED  
US IN THE FIRST  
PLACE.

T-THEY'RE  
LEAVING...

WHAT THE HELL  
WERE YOU  
THINKING,  
PIA?

DO YOU HAVE  
ANY IDEA HOW  
STUPID IT WAS  
COMING AFTER ME?

DO YOU KNOW  
HOW IMPORTANT  
YOU ARE?

YOU...





YOU'RE  
MY MOM.

"DON'T  
PUSH ME AWAY.  
WE'RE ALL WE  
HAVE."

ISN'T THAT  
WHAT YOU  
ALWAYS  
SAID?



I...



OH, DEAR  
GOD, PIA.

IF I WERE  
YOUR MOTHER,  
YOU'D BE DEAD  
ALREADY.

I CAN'T  
EVER KEEP  
YOU SAFE.

IT SEEMS  
TO ME YOU'VE  
GONE THROUGH  
A LOT OF  
TROUBLE  
TO TRY.



IF YOU'RE  
ANYTHING LIKE  
MY MOM, YOU  
NEVER STOPPED  
TRYING.

I'D HAD  
ENOUGH.

I WAS  
SUICIDAL—  
I WANTED  
TO HURT  
MYSELF.

WHEN I  
WAS SIXTEEN,  
YOU TAUGHT ME  
SOMETHING.



TO HURT YOU  
GUYS THE WAY  
YOU'D HURT  
ME.



I HAD NO  
SYMPATHY FOR  
YOU OR WHAT  
YOU WERE  
GOING  
THROUGH,  
RAISING NATE  
AND ME BY  
YOURSELF.

ALL  
I KNEW  
WAS THAT IT  
WASN'T  
ENOUGH...

"...AND I HAD TO GROW UP  
TOO QUICKLY.

"...I'D JUST HAD ENOUGH,  
SO I PLANNED MY EXIT.

"I STOLE YOUR  
CHECK BOOK.

"FORGED YOUR SIGNATURE AND  
EMPTIED YOUR BANK ACCOUNTS.

"ONE GIANT 'FUCK YOU' THAT  
YOU COULDN'T OVERLOOK.

"WE BOUGHT ALL THE DRUGS WE COULD  
GET OUR HANDS ON. WE WENT APE SHIT.

"I WAS SURE THAT AFTER THE STATE  
I LEFT THINGS IN, YOU'D BE TOO MAD  
TO FOLLOW ANYWAY.

"I WAS JUST TRYING TO HURT YOU  
IN ANY WAY I COULD. AND HURTING  
MYSELF WAS THE EASIEST WAY.

"BUT YOU FOUND ME.

"I REMEMBER LYING ON THE FLOOR OF A  
SQUAT, HIGH OUT OF MY MIND AFTER A WEEK  
OF EVERY DRUG AND DEGRADING THING  
I COULD DO TO MYSELF.

"NO MOTHER SHOULD HAVE TO  
SEE HER DAUGHTER LIKE THAT.

"BUT YOU DIDN'T  
YELL AT ME.

"YOU DIDN'T BUILD ON  
THE ANGER OF IT ALL.

"YOU KISSED ME  
ON THE FOREHEAD.

"TOLD ME YOU  
WERE SORRY.

WE NEVER  
GIVE UP ON  
FAMILY. WE'RE  
ALL WE REALLY  
HAVE, PIA.

"YOU BROUGHT ME HOME AND  
NEVER BROUGHT IT UP AGAIN."









BRING THEM IN  
FOR QUESTIONING.  
I WANT TO KNOW  
WHY THE DEAD  
WALK.

THEY'RE  
INFECTED,  
GENERAL.

WE  
CAN'T RISK  
CONTAMINATING  
THE SAFE  
ZONE.

WAIT--  
PLEASE!



WE AREN'T  
FROM  
HERE!

WE HAVEN'T  
DONE  
ANYTHING!

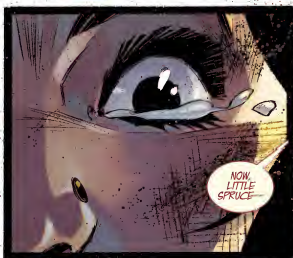
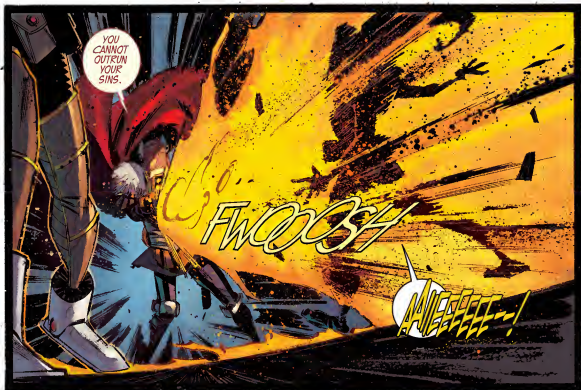
PLEASE--  
SHE'S JUST  
A CHILD!

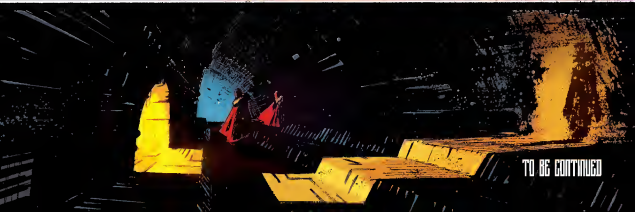
AS WAS MY  
DAUGHTER--



--BEFORE  
YOU BROUGHT  
THIS PLAGUE  
UPON US!

RUN,  
PIA!  
GET OUT  
OF--





TO BE CONTINUED



RR - Wow, that's a bummer ending.

But it's important that a writer treat his characters the way fate treats us in real life. There is no simple plot in real life. No one is safe. People die at moments that make no sense. All kinds of people, men, women, and children die sudden and pointless deaths. This was a sad thing, and a sour ending to this issue, but I assure you—it's only the first of many to come. We're going into the bad times.

We're doing something odd with the structure of this book. Something I don't imagine we'd get to do in any other format. Over the next few issues we are changing the entire trajectory of the series and where you thought it was going, all while revealing more about the various clues we've laid down along the way so far.

Matteo was just in the States and stayed with me for a couple of nights to workshop the future of the book. We have a solid outline up to issue 50 at this point. That's a bit daunting, as it will take us upwards of three more years to accomplish this. A lot can happen in three years. But we are both so excited by the fun stuff coming up I think we'll have plenty of fuel to see us through to the planned issue 50.

Letters time.

Hey Rick!

I was just reading the latest issue of BLACK SCIENCE and found a response from you in the letters section saying you enjoyed the music of ISIS and Pelican. I played in the former, released records by the latter, and was very pleased to hear you've enjoyed listening to our music while working on your books. I've read and appreciated a lot of your work over the years, and am finding BLACK SCIENCE to be my favorite of yours thus far. If you liked ISIS, you might be find my new band SUMAC interesting as well.

I hope all is well and thanks for all the great work you've generated over the years!

Take care,  
-Aaron

RR - Really great to know people who make the art that inspires me read the

book. SUMAC is amazing. ISIS and Pelican are two of my very favorite bands to write to. Very operatic and it creates a severe and melodic tone while I write. In fact, I recommend ISIS's *Wavering Radiant* or *Oceanic* to listen to while reading this. Or reading the next issue. Just buy ISIS, Pelican, and SUMAC.

Hey Rick,

So I wanted to run this by you. Do comic creators get a lot of gifts at comic book conventions? If so, do you have any favorite gifts? Is it ok to give something made from something the writer/artist created?

Thanks for your time,  
Urian

RR - I've had nice people do nice stuff like bring coffee or cupcakes. It's never something anyone should worry about doing. Just you showing up and buying the books and being a nice person is really rewarding. That someone cares enough to come out and say *Hi*. That's plenty.

Rick,

So I've always despised (envied?) people who seemed to enjoy the luxury of certainty. Because, I mean, fuck those people. But now, thanks to BLACK SCIENCE, I have joined their smug, delusional ranks.

That dream you wake from? The one that makes no sense whatsoever but haunts you all morning with the feeling that you were just shown the film of why you are what you are because of the events of some past life? This book is that for me. This is so obviously what happened when I and my family and the few idiot zealots who followed me into the ether were left to wander from one reality to another that yeah, of course!

Anyhow, thanks for the reminder. I can't quite remember what happened next when this all went down, and can't wait to relive it.

- Andy Wyke

RR - Andy, you are clearly on drugs. Everyone can tell you're high. We've called your parents. They are super disappointed. Bummer days, Andy.

Loving BLACK SCIENCE. Question: is there a dimension where I'm not a mess of a person? Where I'm not sitting on the couch in my underwear reading comics? Is it the same for everyone?

Chad Quandt

RR - Yes. There is, by the theoretical stuff I've read, versions of every possibility of you just a fraction of an atom away from us. In one dimension, you're the one writing BLACK SCIENCE and I'm writing you a letter about sitting in a Gatorade bottle so I don't have to get up off the couch. I guess I'd be cool with either.

Hey Rick!

I've been following BLACK SCIENCE since the beginning. Definitely one of the best books out right now along with your *Deadly Class*. If there's one thing I love about your work, it's that you keep me wanting more with every last page of an issue. And BLACK SCIENCE is no exception. I've dropped my jaw more than a few times while reading, and I love getting to know these characters so well and knowing that something so shitty can happen to them in any panel. It's like some trippy *Jurassic Park* thrown in with some 1950s B-movie and it's frickin' great. The art and colors make the story seem so alive and that adds to the overall experience of the story. I guess I'm just trying to say you all are killing it with this comic. And I can't wait to see where you take Grant and company next - either through the grinder or on the road to redemption. I'm guessing through the grinder first.

Keep it going.  
Colin Brightwell

RR - Grinder for sure. We're going to devastate everyone in this book. But Matteo and Moreno make it look so good you can't turn away.

Speaking of which, the big stuff continues next issue as we discover a terrible secret about a member of the Anarchist League of Scientists and an old dog returns to old tricks and someone else might die...

- Rick







**"COPPERHEAD IS THE BEST IMAGE DEBUT OF THE YEAR...  
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— BRIAN K. VAUGHAN

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— ROBERT KIRKMAN

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**"WILL HAVE YOU  
COMING BACK  
FOR MORE."**

— NEWSARAMA

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THE WORLD HAS BEEN POISONED TO DEATH



# I N J E C T I O N™

FROM THE CREATORS OF MOON KNIGHT: FROM THE DEAD

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**"THESE WEREN'T GOING TO BE THE  
BULBOUS NOSE, BROOM-RIDING  
HALLOWEEN CARICATURES. THESE  
WITCHES ARE A CANNIBALISTIC,  
SKELETAL RACE THAT HIDE IN  
THE FOREST."**

—NEW YORK DAILY NEWS

**"DARK AND BRUTAL... WYTCES ARE  
LIKE NOTHING HORROR FANS  
HAVE EVER SEEN."**

—USA TODAY

**"THE WRITER ISN'T JUST COMPLETELY  
REINVENTING WITCHES... HE'S DIVING  
DEEP INTO VERY REAL FEARS ABOUT  
BEING A PARENT, AND THE UGLINESS  
THAT HIDES IN ALL OF US."**

—ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY

**"CREEPY AND GREAT."**

—JEFF LEMIRE

**"CERTAIN PANELS MAY GIVE  
YOU NIGHTMARES."**

—IO9

**"VERY, VERY SCARY... THE SCARES  
LIE MUCH DEEPER THAN THE  
FIGHT-OR-FLIGHT RUSH OF OUTSIDE  
FORCES HURTING OR MAIMING.  
MUCH LIKE THE WORKS OF MARY  
SHELLEY AND THE OTHER WRITERS  
OF THE VILLA DIODATI."**

—PASTE MAGAZINE

**"MONUMENTAL."**

—BLOODY DISGUSTING

**"AS MUCH ABOUT THE DEEPEST  
FEARS PARENTS FACE AS IT IS ABOUT  
SPOOKY MONSTERS IN THE WOODS."**

—COMPLEX MAGAZINE

**"VAMPIRES AND ZOMBIES ARE  
PLAYED OUT. IT'S TIME FOR  
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—MENTAL FLOSS

**"[A] SPECTACULAR NEW SERIES!"**

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**"AN AWESOME AND AT TIMES  
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BRIAN BUCCELLATO

TONI INFANTE

# SONS OF THE DEVIL

MAY 2015

"The sins of  
the father are  
to be laid upon  
the children."

—Shakespeare





THIS MAN CRASH LANDED  
ON AN ALIEN PLANET

YOU WON'T BELIEVE  
WHAT HAPPENS NEXT

BECAUSE IT'S NOT REAL. IT'S JUST A COMIC. STILL, CRAAAAZY.

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